

# OUR DUMB Animals

JANUARY

1934

UPPER  
AND LOWER SERIES

MASSACHUSETTS SOCIETY

for the

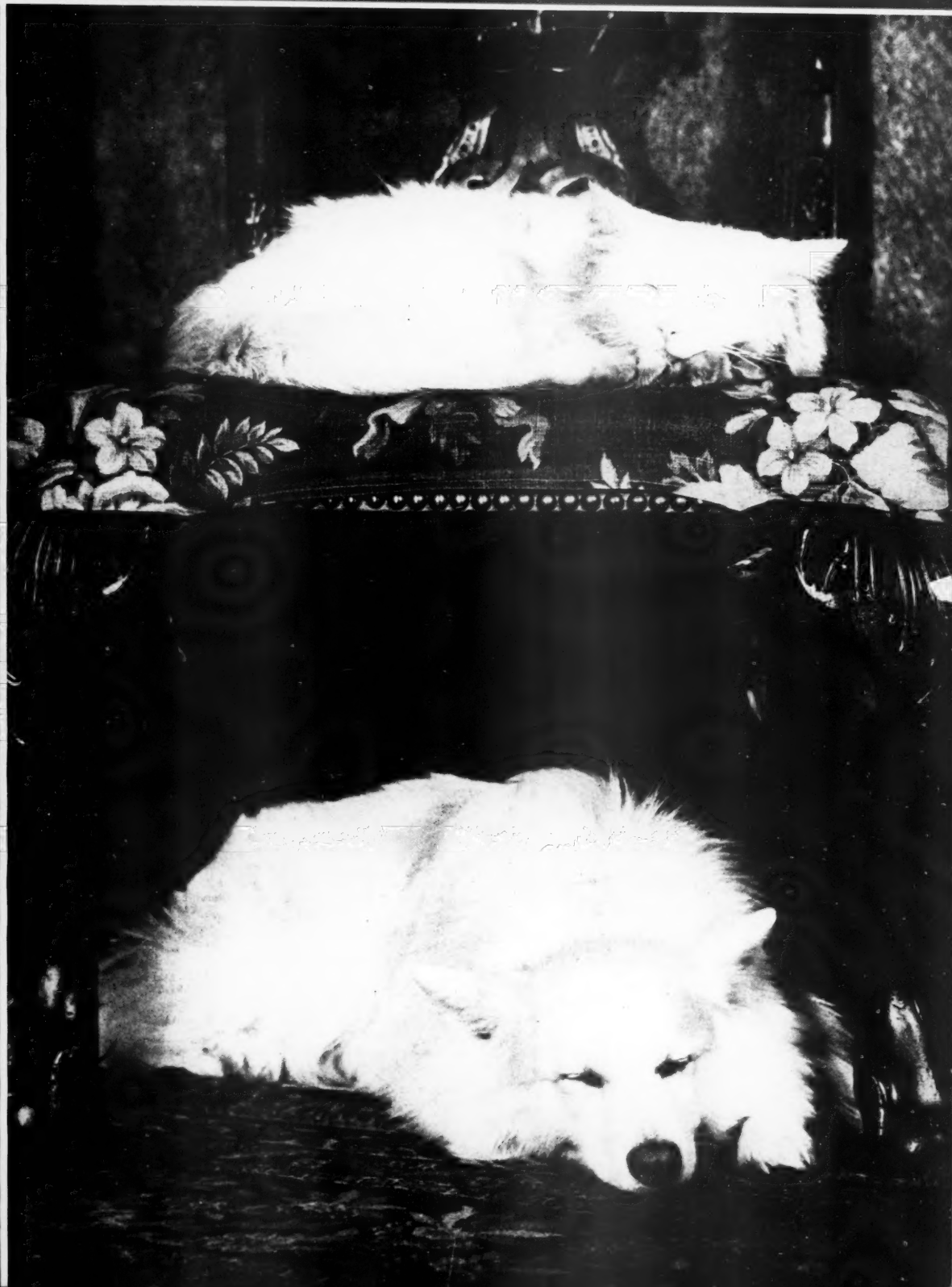
PREVENTION & CURE

of ANIMALS

and the

AMERICAN HUMANE

EDUCATION SOCIETY





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THE MASSACHUSETTS SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS  
AND  
THE AMERICAN HUMANE EDUCATION SOCIETY



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## The New Year

ONCE again we wish our readers the happiest New Year that life's circumstances make possible. May the year 1946 be one of peace and harmony, not only in our own country, but the world over.

Among those who read these words will be the many who have made possible the ever-broadening work of our two Societies, in behalf of those unfortunate creatures who are so little able to defend themselves from cruelty.

To those faithful and generous friends, whose gifts reach all the way from what they call a trifle, but which have meant sacrifice and self-denial, to those who out of greater abundance have aided us, and as Dr. Rowley has said, to those who, no longer here, have remembered us in the final distribution of their estates—we offer our sincerest, heartfelt gratitude.

We shall never forget that we are but their agents to carry out their purpose to lessen the suffering of defenseless animals and to widen by every possible means at our command the influence of those principles of justice and compassion which are the two great characteristics of humane education.

The yesterday of the cause we represent gives us courage to face tomorrow with larger hope and faith in the future.

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## OUR AGENTS IN THE FIELD

*Following are a few of the typical cases investigated by our agents in their state-wide crusade against cruelty:*

### Horses

Complaint having been received of a horse not being fed or watered for four days, our agent made an investigation and found a horse in very poor condition—so poor, in fact, that the officer had to put it to sleep. The owner stated that he had owned the horse for seven months and was waiting to sell the animal, whenever the buyer would come and get it. He claimed he fed the horse every day, but no feed of any kind was found in the barn and the wood near the animal was all chewed away. Our officer took out a complaint against the man and the judge found him guilty, fining him \$20.00.

Investigating a complaint that ponies work long hours and that large boys are allowed to ride them, our agent went to the stable of the company owner and saw nine ponies used in business. They were all in good working condition and work about eight hours a day. Boy driv-

ers were cautioned regarding proper treatment of the animals in their charge and warned especially to stay off their backs.

### Dogs

It was recently reported that a man was throwing stones at and injuring a dog that upset a garbage can on his property. Investigation showed that the animal, a five-year-old, large, fat springer spaniel, showed no sign of injury. Our agent had a talk with the offender who stated that the dog was on his property and he threw an old shoe at it. He was advised that, in the future, if the dog bothered him to call the police or get an official restraining order and not attempt to take the law into his own hands, perhaps injuring the dog.

Finding that a dog had been shot 4 times and that the offender came back later and clubbed it, the police, on finding the animal still alive, informed one of our officers who brought the man to court, where he was convicted and fined.



PRETTY VISITOR COMFORTS PATIENT

"Andy," convalescing saddle horse at our Angell Memorial Animal Hospital, lost no time in devouring the choice apple donated by Miss Joy Kindel during a recent tour of the hospital. Miss Kindel, student at Pine Manor Junior College, Wellesley, is the daughter of Mrs. Charles M. Kindel, Jr., President of the Michigan Federation of Humane Societies and of the Kent County Humane Society, Grand Rapids, Michigan.

## Here and There

LOOK to this day, for it is life. In its brief course lie all the verities and realities of your existence; the bliss of growth, the glory of action, the splendor of beauty. For yesterday is but a dream, and tomorrow is only a vision; but today, well lived, makes every yesterday a dream of happiness and every tomorrow a vision of hope. Look well, therefore, to this day; such is the salutation of the dawn.

—From the "Sanskrit"

SHOW me the enforced laws of a State for the prevention of cruelty to animals and I, in turn, will give you a correct estimate of the refinement, enlightenment, integrity, and equity of that Commonwealth's people.

—Honorable L. T. Dashiell  
of the Texas Legislature

THE proposal has been made that all the wild pigeons of large cities be eliminated. Until statistics in any city present conclusive evidence that human infections due to exposure to pigeons in the streets and parks are fairly common, such action is not warranted. What assurance can there be that pigeons will not reinvade cities after the original pigeons are removed? At present, authorities in epidemiology are convinced that the risk is not significant and that the sensational, irresponsible, speculative publicity that has recently appeared in newspapers in some of our large cities is not warranted by any scientifically established evidence.

—Journal of American  
Medical Association

OUR species is the most cruel and destructive of all that inhabit this planet. If the lower animals, as we call them, were to formulate a religion, they might differ greatly as to the shape of the beneficent creator, but they would nearly all agree that the devil must be very like a big white man.

—Dean Inge

PYTHAGORAS, the Greek philosopher, who died some 500 B. C., taught the doctrine of transmigration, and it is ventured by some that his hidden purpose was to teach men to be more humane to animals.

IT wasn't long ago that we thought the end of the war would solve the world's ills. Now that it has ended and the daily toll of human life because of war has been immensely reduced, we are still faced with serious problems that will affect our future. The solution calls for courage, cheer and sane optimism.

OUR DUMB ANIMALS

IN the Coral Sea, between Australia and New Guinea, is one of the strangest animal kingdoms in the world—an island inhabited solely by dogs! Shown on the maps as Roberts Island, the tiny, palm-fringed speck, less than a mile long, is the home of hundreds of dogs of all mixed breeds.

Descendants of a few animals left behind by natives who originally lived on the island, and of other unwanted dogs placed there by fishermen and natives, the dogs appear to be well contented with their free island existence. Deprived of easy means of livelihood, the animals have evolved methods of their own for securing their food, which consists chiefly of fish, crabs and turtles.

Daily, at every high tide, the dogs patrol the beaches in search of crabs and wade into the shallows to catch fish, while during the turtle-breeding season the animals feast on the turtle eggs laid by the hordes of females that come ashore for this purpose. The dogs eat the coconuts that fall from the palms.

The animals are thriving on this unusual food, and although they have developed a shyness towards man, as a result of their isolation, they are by no means hostile.

The same cannot be said, however, of the inhabitants of another animal kingdom in the Coral Sea. This is Sir Charles Hardy Island, which teems with goats under the leadership of a bearded old Billy, who fiercely resents the intrusion of strangers into his domain. Descendants of a few animals placed on the island to provide food for any castaways who happened to land there, the goats have steadily increased in numbers and swarm all over the great rocky island.

When a party, including the writer, landed on the island for urgent fresh water supplies, we were challenged by the "king" of the goats—the bearded old Billy, who became quite menacing when we neared a spring—the only fresh water on the island, and the whole time we were ashore it was necessary for two members of the party to confine themselves solely to keeping the wickedly-horned patriarch at bay.

After replenishing our water supplies we lost no time in getting off the island, leaving the old "king" and his harem in peace. Although there is little food on the island for the animals, except shellfish, birds' eggs and shrubs, the hardy creatures, like all of their kind, which do not worry about such minor difficulties in the path of a happy existence, are flourishing. Shellfish appear to be one of their chief foods; several groups of nannies of all ages were seen browsing among the rocks at the water's edge, crushing shellfish with their teeth and sucking out the contents.

To the south of this "island of goats" is Eagle Island, which is inhabited solely by eagles—big white-breasted sea eagles. When discovered 175 years ago by Captain Cook, the famous navigator, the island was so named because of its eagles, and ever since, the cackling cry of the great birds has been a familiar sound on the remote island. Nowhere else in the Pacific are the birds so plentiful. Hundreds of them live on Eagle Island, spending most of their time soaring over the surrounding waters or motionless among the highest branches of the trees, their keen eyes ever alert, ready to dive into the sea after a fish, crab or other denizen of the ocean. Some of their nests, on the ground as well as in the trees, are of amazing proportions, and in them generation after generation of the birds have laid and hatched their eggs. Beneath and alongside the nests are piles of crab shells and sea-snake skeletons—the remains of the birds' feasts. The birds have enormous strength, and can pick up and carry to their nests with ease sea-snakes up to six and eight feet long.

January 1946

# Animal and Bird Kingdoms Down Under

*Strange Islands of the Coral Sea*

By EWEN K. PATTERSON



GOATS ARE HARDY CREATURES AND FLOURISH UNDER DIFFICULT CONDITIONS.



## Rabbits in Your Library

By JASPER B. SINCLAIR

TRAVELERS in Wales may be a little surprised to find a statue of the famous white rabbit in the charming little town of Landudno. Most of us, however, are not in the least surprised that the rabbit has gained a lasting place in the world of prose and poetry.

One of the most famous rabbits in literature, of course, scampers pleasantly across the pages of "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland." But at that it is scarcely more popular than our old friend "Br'er Rabbit," who even became the trade-mark for a grocery store commodity.

The well known fable of the tortoise and the hare has already outlasted many centuries of telling and retelling. So has the "Mad as a March Hare" saying, which is nothing more nor less than a libel upon our friend's sanity.

By way of a moment's diversion, there is an Indian name, Rabbit Ear Mountain, in the American Southwest. It was a famous landmark in the pioneering days. Covered wagon trains passing lofty Rabbit Ear, on the Cimarron route, knew they had left New Mexico behind on their westbound trek to the Pacific shores.

Our friends also popularized such similes as "run like a scared rabbit" and "run like a hare," though it is doubtful if anyone ever could display such a burst of speed with only half as many legs as Friend Hare or Rabbit. To the collection of similes you might also add "nimble as a jackrabbit."

"Peter Rabbit" is another literary member of the rabbit family that is familiar to every American youngster. If not, the lighter side of that youngster's education has been sadly neglected.

## Pride

By LALIA MITCHELL THORNTON

Once long ago in Egypt, by the Nile,  
Men worshipped you for such a lengthy while;  
Is this the reason for your proud disdain  
Of human friendship? Rameses has lain  
In mummy trappings for three thousand years,  
Eaten by rust, the lances and the spears  
That caught the Memphis sunshine; yet you arch  
Your back as though you still heard legions march.  
Ah, yes, I see—your pride may be because  
Time has not dulled the temper of your claws.

## Fore-Sighted Fox

By ETTA W. SCHLICHTER

FROM time immemorial, slyness has been called the characteristic of the fox. Here is a remarkable incident that shows its cleverness may also be used for a beneficent purpose.

A student of wildlife in Devon, England, came by chance upon a fox family, a mother and seven cubs, in a clump of fir trees. Four of the cubs were husky males, the three females, little and scrawny.

Puzzled to know the reason for this, the observer cautiously watched them with his field glass day by day. The answer was soon found. At feeding time the huskies shoved their sisters out of the way and by the time their rapacious appetites were satisfied, there wasn't much left and the weaklings seemed doomed to slow starvation.

Prepared to find the scrawny babies dead almost any day, what was the observer's surprise when he peeped in one morning and saw the mother with only those three. The huskies were gone and no searching with the field glass revealed their whereabouts. The game warden, consulted, could throw no light on their disappearance, but said he had come across another litter of fox cubs in a fir wood about a mile away.

Interested in the new family, the student two weeks later visited the place and found four lively cubs capering among the trees and tumbling over one another in play. Watching carefully so as not to disturb them, he saw a vixen approaching with a crow in her mouth. Summoning the cubs, she let them scramble for their breakfast.

Then, to the hunter's amazement, he saw marks on the vixen that stamped her beyond a doubt as the mother also of the three little foxes a mile away. She had solved her problem of protecting the helpless ones of her offspring by dividing the family, carrying the strong ones so far away that they could not get back, even though it meant that she had to travel that distance back and forth every mealtime.



It is against the law in Trenton, New Jersey, for sheepherders to wear false faces while driving their charges through the city.



OUR DUMB ANIMALS



# Softer Side of a Porcupine

by Neil W. Owen

PORCUPINE IN ITS ARBOREAL FEEDING GROUND.



NOT much has been written about the softer side of the porcupine, but plenty has been recorded about his disagreeable side—his deadly quills, which have caused the death of many an adversary, and his pig-like grunt.

He is, in truth, a shy creature and, when attacked, depends entirely on those sharp quills embedding themselves in his enemy, preferably about the nose and mouth. He has no other means of protecting himself as he is too slow a creature to run away from the average attacker.

His coarse grunt is for public life. His voice is really musical when in his family circle. The tones are pitched an octave higher than usual and he almost sings the chromatic scale, starting at a high pitch, dropping down the half tones, staccato fashion, six or eight notes before stopping. He does this over and over again when with his family.

"What bird is that singing so queerly?" I asked the family one July evening. We went outdoors to see. How surprised we were to find the singing came from two large porcupines walking with two little ones between the rows of cabbage. They had come from the forest a mile away and, although books state that a porcupine spends his entire lifetime within an area of a few acres, this couldn't apply to our porcupines. We were so pleased with their singing, we did not drive them away.

Next morning we found they had drunk all the water from the cat's pan at the well and shown considerable curiosity by climbing into the porch chairs, leaving a few quills in the cushions. They came often on moonlit nights (waiting until the moon was up before traveling) which proves to me they do not see well in the dark. They ate the tender tips of the raspberry canes (they never bore fruit, anyway), standing erect to eat them. They ate a few heads of cabbage, but when they discovered the pleasant taste of white clover on the front

lawn, they cared for nothing else. "You'll have to get rid of them, they'll eat everything!" friends advised me, but it was so much fun watching them from the windows, that I couldn't bear to disturb their nightly visits. There was enough garden for all of us. They traveled many miles to get that clover. They seemed not to be able to leave it alone. Many nights I have been awakened by their crunching, an old one and a young one, with heads close together, eating a continuous furrow through the deep clover, in circles and crisscrosses, making a queer pattern on the lawn.

I put out a lump of salt, but they would not touch it. But when I soaked an old plank in strong brine, they gnawed it to pieces. When the first snow fell, they no longer came, but stayed at home in the forest.

That lair may have been in a hollow tree, in bushes, or among the clefts of rocks. There it is that the nest is constructed and the one or two young porcupines produced during early summer.

My porcupines were no ordinary animals, it seems, for ordinarily this type of the species is arboreal in its habits, is a good climber and feeds on tree leaves.

## The Raccoon . . . . .

By HARRIET B. PENNELL

The raccoon—cousin to the bear—  
Roams the woodlands here and there.  
His home is in a hollow log;  
He likes to find one in a bog  
Where there is water. It's his way  
To wash the food he eats each day;  
His corn and fruit and nuts—then, too,  
He likes a turtle for his stew,  
Or tasty frog. But when, at night

He goes to sleep—well, such a sight  
As Mister Coon is, on a limb,  
You'd split your sides to look at him!  
He curls up as you do in bed,  
And sometimes you can't see his head.  
More often he's awake at night,  
And does his sleeping when it's light.  
It's hard to say why this is so,  
The reason—maybe raccoons know.

## In Memory of "Benny"

**N**UMEROUS markers have been erected in various parts of the country honoring the memory of pet dogs and beloved horses, but probably the only one in honor of a squirrel may be seen in Pershing Square in Los Angeles. This famous park with its beautiful palms and variety of tropical growth is only a block square, located in the very heart of downtown Los Angeles, but is crossed or visited by thousands every day, many of whom find recreation and pleasure in feeding peanuts to the ever-present pigeons and squirrels.

One of these squirrels was unusually tame and for many years was a favorite peanut beggar, and came to be known as "Benny." He would amuse his friends by dashing across Olive Street, where he would hide his peanuts in the large flower boxes lined up in front of the million-dollar Biltmore Hotel. Then he would cleverly dodge the heavy traffic and race back for more peanuts. But one sad day he lost out. His friends sorrowfully buried his body near the majestic figure which honors Los Angeles' soldier dead. A mock orange was planted to mark the spot. About a year later the popular pastor of a large church facing the park, assisted by an official representative of the mayor of the city, placed a bronze marker on which is the following inscription:

### In Memory of BENNY, A SQUIRREL

"Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing? and one of them shall not fall on the ground without your Father."

*Charles W. English*



## Wild Duck Settles Down

**W**ILD birds are sedate at heart, and do not care to travel far, except in search of food and nesting conditions. If you provide both, they will gladly stay in your yard. I know a mallard, picked up, with a broken leg, by a friend of mine who lives near Miami's rock pits, now full of water and populated by millions of minnows. He put the duck's leg in splints and the bones knit. The mallard limps a bit, but its wings are perfect. Still, it does not fly away from the shady city yard of the amateur surgeon, contented to swim in his lily pond, to which it invited a still shy mate, nesting under a bamboo.

That mallard struck up a friendship with the shaggy watch dog suffering from flea invasion. Now I can see them from my window, the dog lying on its back, and the mallard picking the fleas off its stomach, being careful not to pinch its friend with its strong, wide beak.

—*Maria Moravsky*

# Postage Stamp Jungle

By EMMA MAE VICKREY

**I**T is always interesting to note the influence of animals in the world of human affairs. The postage stamp bears the impression of this influence, as it carries its pictures of animals thought worthy of commemoration.

The animal that we love the most is the one that is seen the least on stamps. Newfoundland has two beautiful issues of stamps on which only the dog which bears the name of the country is pictured. The Newfoundland dog in that northern country is as useful to the people as the St. Bernard dogs are in the Swiss Alps. In two of the United States Columbus issues there is a dog pictured with Columbus, but it is so small that you would not notice it at first glance.

Salvador has a Columbus stamp showing a dog. A Saar stamp of 1926 commemorates the useful work of the German shepherd dog that used to work with the Red Cross.

Perhaps cats rate second to dogs in popularity for household pets. Only one stamp bears the picture of a domesticated cat—the Spanish stamp issued in 1930 to commemorate Lindbergh's flight. The cat sits in the extreme lower right-hand corner.

Lions of all sizes and types are found on postage stamps. In fact it has been used more than any other animal. The most popular way of picturing this animal is in conventional form with a regal appearance. Since the lion, because of his strength, has been known as the King of Beasts, it is fitting that it should appear so often. Norway, Sweden, Finland, Bavaria, and Belgium are a few of the countries using the conventional design of the lion.

Ethiopia has one stamp with a huge rhinoceros on it. The natives learned to fear the terrible charge of this animal that often flew into a fit of passion. Three ostriches are pictured on another Ethiopian stamp.

Whenever the horse is depicted on a stamp, it is usually with a man astride him. We find Moroccan postmen riding their Arabian ponies, heroes mounted on horses, and many equestrian statues used as designs for stamps.

It is only natural that tropical countries should show more of the unusual animals that we find in our zoos. A French Congo stamp pictures a crouching leopard; the Malay States, a striped tiger; Borneo, the orangutan, noted for its high rate of intelligence among beasts; Australia, the queer kangaroo and the swan; India, elephants; Guatemala, the red and green parrot; South Africa, springbok; Niger, the desert camel; Norway, a bear looking at an airplane in the sky; and the United States, the almost extinct buffalo. These are only a few of the thousands of illustrations that are to be found.

It seems that Liberia has more different animals' pictures on her stamps than any other country. On her postage stamps you will find the elephant, lizard, various birds, elan, hippopotamus, leopard, tiger, and crocodile.

The animal postage stamps serve to localize the homes of the familiar and unfamiliar animals. Learning about them from postage stamps serves a dual purpose—you learn about the different countries as well as the animals that inhabit their boundaries.

## Odd • Facts • in • Rime

By CARROLL VAN COURT

Sketch by Bill Saeremann

### An Animal Clown

The hooded seal should be a clown,  
He needs no mask nor paint;  
One look at his proboscis, and  
You'll say that he is quaint.

He's in a class, all by himself,  
His queer nose is inflatable;  
But whether he'll perform for you  
Is, well, somewhat debatable!







## Independent Pussy

By JOHN H. SPICER

**K**IPLING knew his cats. His phrase about the cat that walks alone just hits the nail on the head as far as pussy's character is concerned. Though cats have been living with men for thousands of years, pussy still goes her own independent way, lives her own life and follows her own pleasures. This is partly due to the natural wildness of cats. The wild cat has the reputation of being one of the most untameable of all animals and the statement is often made that the modern house cat is never more than half domesticated. Certainly a cat can revert to the wild very easily and many a farm cat does so from choice.

However an animal as self-reliant as pussy can well afford to be independent. A cat is a clever hunter who knows perfectly well that it can make its own way in the world if necessary. No animal is more capable of looking out for itself and in this respect a cat is far ahead of any dog. This self-reliant attitude appears very early in life. One cat lover has illustrated it by describing how a human baby, a puppy and a kitten will each behave when badly frightened. The baby will scream for its mother, the puppy rolls over onto its back and whimpers for you not to hurt it, but the kitten fluffs out its tail, arches its back and prepares to defend its nine tiny lives with every tooth and claw it has.

This independent spirit makes it impossible to train an adult cat to do tricks for our amusement as dogs often are.

Not but what they are bright enough to learn tricks. Some of them acquire some pretty clever ones, but they use them only when it suits their own pleasure and convenience and not yours. A performance such as trained dogs put on seems silly and childish to an intelligent, grown-up cat. You don't jump through a hoop to amuse the cat, so why should he do it for you? After all, the cat thinks he is as good as you are.

That, too, is why a cat's respect and affection must be earned. It is said that any drunkard or scoundrel can hold a dog's affection, in spite of neglect or abuse. No doubt this unquestioning devotion may be very flattering to our human vanity, but the cat would probably say that the dog wasn't quite right in its head. A neglected or mistreated cat soon learns to shift for itself or goes elsewhere.

Yet for all its independence, a cat is affectionate enough toward anyone who has won its trust and friendship. Certainly there is no lack of affection in the welcome the cat gives to its master or a favorite member of the family who has been away even for a few days. Try moving a cat to a new home among strangers and very often it will find its way across miles of strange country to get back with its friends again. After such a journey the delighted way in which a cat greets its human friends is pathetic to watch. There is no doubt about pussy being glad to see them.

## Dog with a Charge Account

By VINCENT EDWARDS

**D**OWN in Marianna, Arkansas, a few years ago there lived a dog with a charge account. Mr. Jackson, the local editor, had left orders with the butcher, Mr. Dickey, that whenever his setter dog, "Jack," came around with a hungry look, he should be given ten cents' worth of fresh meat.

For a time the plan worked out perfectly. Jack would carry his package to the front of his master's office, open it and eat the meat with a relish.

Then, one month, Mr. Jackson got a bill for \$7 just for Jack's meat alone. It seemed too high, but the editor knew the butcher was honest and had made no mistake. On certain days four or five 10-cent items were listed. It was more than Jack would have eaten alone.

Mr. Jackson decided to get to the bottom of the mystery. Pretending not to be watching, he saw Jack bring in his package of meat, open it, smell of it, turn it over with his nose, then back off and eye it suspiciously. Instead of eating it, he was off to the market again and back with another package. This happened two more times before he found meat he was satisfied with.

Realizing that Jack had become very fussy, and now insisted on a prime piece of beef instead of ordinary hamburger, Mr. Jackson gave orders to his butcher that his dog's charge account allowed only two packages a day.

Most dogs would have been curbed then and there, but not Jack. If ever a dog was clever, he was. Believe it or not, Jack now lost no time in getting on the right side of Mr. Dickey, the butcher!

He followed the butcher home and there made a big fuss over his wife and his young son and daughter. Jack was a good-looking dog and soon the whole Dickey family had become attached to him. Jack adopted them all on the spot and, after that, acted as if that house were his home.

But Jack made the most of his opportunity. Every morning, at sunup, when Mr. Dickey went downtown to open his market, he tagged along. The instant the door was unlocked, Jack slipped in first. Then he went back to the meat department, sat on his haunches and lifted his right paw. When Mr. Dickey looked into Jack's big pleading eyes, the butcher's heart always melted.

Jack had all the meat he wanted now, but sometimes he went back to his old master's office. Perhaps it was to show he bore Mr. Jackson no ill will. It was almost like old times, but not quite. The dog would still sit by the desk and lie for hours on the floor, but when Jack put his right foot on Mr. Jackson's knee, his old master was sure he saw a look in his eyes that as much as said, "Boss, you did me wrong when you cut down on my credit."

# Animals in



Fox terrier mothers a whole carton of baby chicks.



## Dog Mothers Chicks

Down in Oxford, North Carolina, there is a female fox terrier that guarded a brood of some twenty-five baby chicks as carefully as the mother hen would. She became attached to the chicks shortly after their birth and rarely left the cardboard carton that was their home.

## "Lifer" Has Pets

Mr. Levant Vandervoort, of the Jackson, Michigan, *Citizen Patriot*, sent us the illustration to the left with the story of a "lifer" in a Michigan prison who four years ago caught a baby starling. He trained it, fed it, and now has two birds and two cats. The birds ride all over the prison yard on the backs of the cats and, for the most part, all sleep in the same box in one of the prison shops.

When this inmate wants to feed his pets, he merely whistles as one would to a dog, and the cats come running and the birds flutter down. They eat bread and milk and love peanut butter. The picture shows the owner with one of the cats and one of the starlings. Note the stance of the bird, perched on one foot, apparently not thinking too much of the whole affair.

## Maternity Ward

Evidently wanting her children to be brought up with a strong knowledge of state affairs, "Little Eva" crept past a



Four celebrities are born in a drawer of an office desk.

Faithful dog performs a real service to golfers.

guard at the State Department's Division of Economic Security Control, Washington, D. C. Once safely passed, she selected a comfortable desk drawer and there gave birth to four kittens. Sympathetic employees provided soft cloth and some milk for the "blessed events."

The illustration was snapped as Mary Katherine Sullivan, of Calverton, Va., leaned down to give Little Eva a congratulatory pat. The family has been given man-sized names: George Washington Eisenhower, Abraham Lincoln Stalin, Edward Stettinius Churchill, and Sam Houston Chiang Kai-shek.

## Golf Ball Retriever

For the past two years, when golf balls were absolutely off the market, "Patsy," an Ortonville, Minnesota, dog kept scores of Ortonville golfers supplied. With almost uncanny instinct or sense of smell, Patsy was able to locate and retrieve lost balls, even in the roughest rough where she, on many occasions, had to dig them out of gopher holes or from under piles of cut grass.

In the past two years, Patsy has recovered more than 500 balls and all of them have been returned to their owners. In the illustration Patsy is shown with a few of the balls she found over a two-day hunt. Few dogs have made any warmer friends than this retriever of the illusive golf ball.

## Cat Adopts Ground Hog

A black cat, despite superstition, brought good luck to a tiny ground hog at the home of Nelson Hammond, Spring Run, Pennsylvania. Along with her three kittens, born at about the same time, the mother cat nursed and protected the baby ground hog carefully.

Mr. Hammond found the young animal in a field on his farm before it had its eyes open. He took the whimpering animal to the cat and placed it beside the kittens. Tabby quickly accepted the odd-looking kitten as her very own.

## Goat Heroine

The goat's name is "Abbie" and she is credited with saving the home of her owner, Raymond Malcolm, near Oakville, Iowa, by warning of fire. The family was awakened about 3.30 A.M. by Abbie's bleats. Mr. Malcolm climbed out of bed and saw the garage in flames. Neighbors helped fight the blaze, and while the garage and car were destroyed, only one side of the house was burned.

## Tree Climbing Dog

In the accompanying illustration, the dog, owned by Mr. A. L. Steidl, Anoka,

# n the News

Minnesota, is up in a tree, higher than the second story of a house. He is not a pedigreed animal, but is a friend of every child in the neighborhood and how he loves to climb trees! At the word "up," he will go up with the agility and sureness of a squirrel. Then he sits still until the command, "down." When he reaches the ground, he is ready and anxious to go up again and again.

## Three Pals

Mr. Alford Snyder, of Cortland, N. Y., is the owner of three pets: "Punch," a dog; "Fluffy," a cat; "Oscar," a woodchuck. They are the best of friends although the other two miss Oscar each year when he hibernates. The woodchuck is now four years old and was raised from a baby. He lives in Mr. Snyder's cellar and goes to sleep in the fall and comes out about Candlemas Day. His pals are always there to greet him and from then on, the trio make the most of the following months before cold weather sets in again.

## Blue Jay Saves Chicken

An indignant blue jay was credited with having saved a chicken at a farm near Mt. Pleasant, Iowa. A commotion at the brooder house attracted the attention of Albert Steifel, the owner, who went to the scene and found a big hawk holding a three-pound chicken and trying to fight off the blue jay. The blue jay was getting the better of the argument and so confused was the hawk that it had to release the chicken which was found not to be badly hurt.

## Mother Instinct

Because a cat with a litter of kittens had a mother instinct sufficiently strong, a tiny red fox squirrel is alive at Kearney Park, near Fresno, California.

The squirrel, so young its eyes still were closed, was knocked from its nest when workmen were removing a branch from a nearby tree. Seventeen-year-old John Hollagaugh took the tiny squirrel into his home, where the family cat was caring for her recently born four kittens. The mother cat, evidently overwhelmed with maternal solicitude, adopted the squirrel and the little red animal soon had picked out a spot in the chow line, along with the kittens.

## Dog Treks 250 Miles

"Tony," a year-old black cocker spaniel, looked disconsolately from behind a picket fence in Aurora, Illinois, some months ago.

Mother cat carefully nurses and protects baby ground hog.

Pet goat that awakened a household threatened by fire.



He was the pet of the L. Miner Doolen family which included two young sons. The family was moving to East Lansing, Michigan.

Tony watched the preparations with anxiety. His fears were realized. The Doolens wanted to take him along, but they concluded he would be better off in the surroundings where he had been raised. Tony was left with friends. His last glimpse of his old pals was through the fence.

The dog moped for days. He ate little and he grew thin. Then he disappeared. Weeks later, Mr. Doolen was standing at a busy intersection in East Lansing. A scrawny black dog ran up, wagged a greeting, and frisked around him on the sidewalk.

Doolen thought the dog was a stray. Its hair was matted and it was hungry. It wasn't until he looked at the collar that he realized the dog was Tony—who had traveled 250 miles for the reunion.

Tony was taken to the Doolen's new home where he was given a worthy reception by the boys and Mrs. Doolen. He was washed and brushed and within a few hours was up to his old trick of dragging home newspapers, caps, and other articles found on neighborhood porches.

And he was there to stay. Wrote Mr. Doolen, "We wouldn't part with Tony again for anything. Our home is his."



Do dogs climb trees? This one does on command.

"Oscar," the woodchuck, is greeted by his pals as he emerges.







## Meet Mr. Blue Jay

By GEORGE S. LOOKABAUGH

**M**UCH maligned by those less acquainted with him, is the blue jay. This saucy fellow loves to quarrel with either birds or animals, and spends most of his time at it. He is also notorious for the pilfering of other birds' nests—this being the worst thing held against him, but "Let those without sin cast the first stone."

The blue jay's good points more than equalize his bad ones. He is the sentinel of the woods, and at the first sign of danger warns the adjacent country with his noisy complaints.

Having true American courage, he is afraid of nothing when his young are in danger. Having inborn hospitality, he takes excellent care of others of his kind who are less fortunate, and cannot forage for themselves because they happen to be blind or injured in some way.

Being quite active in winter, the blue jay will frequent bird-feeding stations, but can well take care of himself when away from human friends. His strong beak enables him to crack open acorns, and hard grains such as corn. In doing this, a lot of food escapes him and is picked up by smaller birds who cannot split open the hard grains themselves.

When a blue jay finds a large feast, he will call to his relatives to come and share it with him. Other birds in addition to his relatives hear his cries, too, and come flocking to the scene. In this way, he serves as a dinner bell. It would be surprising to know the number of small birds that depend upon the blue jay for their meals during the winter months, when snow covers the ground.

# ANIMAL LAND

## Cows in the News

Vermont is the only state having a picture of a cow on the state seal.

*Cows have been known to fall out of steep mountain pastures in Switzerland; two have recently fallen to their deaths from a pasture on Rigi Kulm Mountain.*

Farmer R. L. Butler, of Clark, Missouri, missed his cow and called on his neighbors to find her. A few days later he stuck a pitchfork into his straw-stack, and there she was! Though weak from lack of water and proper food, she let out several loud moos.

*"Bossy" was a good cow until she chewed up \$420 in a canvas bag which Gill Mattox, Bridgeton, N. J., had just taken from the bank. Bossy was executed, and from one of her stomachs was recovered only \$70. The other predigested \$350 and Bossy's value on the hoof, were lost forever.*

At Chadron, Nebraska, Lester Heiser has a cow that he has to milk four times daily—6 A.M., 10 A.M., 4 P.M., and 10 P.M. In the course of 24 hours she gives 68 pounds of milk.

*Trapped in his burning barn, unable to find his way out because of smoke, Adolph Sauers, Camrose, Canada, was about to give up, when a cow brushed past him. He seized her tail and was dragged to safety.*

Jack Horsefall's cow had a mean habit of switching her tail while he milked her. Being a Toledo, Oregon, high school student and apt in matters of research, Jack tied a brick to bossy's tail. But she switched her tail anyway, and Jack got the brick back of his ear. When he recovered consciousness, he removed the brick and finished milking the old way.

*The cow of Mrs. O'Brien, whose farm is near St. Joe, Ark., tried the same trick that Mrs. O'Leary's cow did in Chicago many years ago, but with far less disastrous results. When Mrs. O'Brien was milking her cow after dark, the cow kicked over the lantern, setting fire to the hay. The animal then kicked over the milk pail extinguishing the flames before any damage was done.*

In the northern part of Russia and Siberia, where snows are heavy and lasting, some cows are equipped with glasses to prevent snow blindness.

—H. E. Zimmerman

## Number One Dog

By RALEIGH M. WILSON

**B**ORN in the world of get-it-if-you-can-and-God-help-you-if-you-fail and further handicapped because of his peculiar build—I have never seen another dog like him—"Skipper," nevertheless, is now king of almost all he surveys.

Three years ago he came out of the Nowhere into the Now, insofar as anyone has been able to learn. He has the build of a Scotty, but he is much larger. His bloodhound head and face are in marked contrast with a stubby tail.

The top half of him is black but the lower half is white. He appears to have just stepped from a plasterer's trough that had plaster in it to half his height.

Sub-zero weather probably forced him in the deep of night to a large electric light in front of the Argerac Fire station. Beneath it, he probably found some sort of friendliness, but at least some warmth when the big fire trucks rushed through the massive doors at the sound of an alarm.

One night the highly-polished engines, pumpers and ladders, manned by agile men, screamed their usual terror as they roared out of the station, picked up speed as they rushed down the street answering an alarm, and left Skipper there—alone.

Skipper may have been somewhat dazed with all the excitement, but instinct must have told him that here was the place for him, as he entered the fire station. He probably sniffed here and there, looked up a shining brass pipe, went to the rear of the station—this was evident later because returning firemen determined he had been all about the place. Possibly particles of ice on his feet, melting as he walked about the station, furnished the clew.

That wasn't all. Skipper had found an important spot. He was curled beside it, as the firemen also noticed on their return. It was a button on the floor that when touched, electrically opened and closed the big double doors against winter's cruel fury! This was determined when a rookie fireman admitted that he had forgotten that part of his routine as he swung aboard the last outgoing fire truck.

If Skipper hadn't touched the button, firemen say, an invisible force did!

And this very act of Skipper's gave the firemen a new idea.

After several weeks' training, Skipper was taught to press the button at a given signal. It was only the word: "Hi!" As soon as the last truck left the station, the men riding it gave Skipper his cue.

Now the Number One dog tag in Argerac hangs from Skipper's collar. The mayor, the firemen, and the city council have established that.

OUR DUMB ANIMALS

# Quarter Century Mark

**D**R. Rudolph H. Schneider, the only remaining member of the original pioneering veterinary staff of our Angell Memorial Hospital, this month celebrates his twenty-fifth year of uninterrupted service with our Society.

Dr. Schneider entered our employ while the Hospital was yet in its initial stages of evolution. His record previous to that time shows a distinguished background of meritorious scholarship at the University of Pennsylvania and a broad experience in private general practice, both before and after graduation. Further valuable experience was gained as Regimental Veterinarian and Staff Officer of the 310th Field Artillery of the 79th Division in World War I. In this capacity, Dr. Schneider served both in this country and in the American Expeditionary Forces overseas, being responsible for the health and serviceability of some 1,200 horses and mules and the mo-

bility of the wholly mounted organization. Following the war, he took special courses in bacteriology and pathology.

Attributing the success of the Hospital to the many friends gained by doctors through close attention and care of patients, Dr. Schneider has always striven to combine the personalized service of the family physician and the facilities which only a hospital can provide.

He has served with distinction in every capacity in the veterinary department and has watched the rapid growth of the Hospital, to which he has added his full share, with its ever-increasing demand for the enlargement of its staff, at present totalling nine full-time veterinarians, with three still in the armed forces. This number includes the Springfield Branch which Dr. Schneider helped to plan and staff.

Taking pride in investigating the various schools of medicine, Dr. Schneider has incorporated into his own methods such practices from each school of thought as are in keeping with humane principles.

He was among the first in this country to use nembutal as an anesthetic in veterinary medicine. The use of this drug made possible one of his most spectacular achievements, the diaphragmatic hernia operation. He conceived the technique as still employed, and performed this first repair of a ruptured diaphragm in a dog, antedating its counterpart in the famous upside-down stomach operation of Alyce McHenry. His accomplishment brought



DR. RUDOLPH H. SCHNEIDER

universal acclaim and, by special request, he described his operation in an article for the *Veterinary Record*, the official journal of the National Veterinary Medical Association of Great Britain and Ireland. The article was also published in the *Journal of the American Veterinary Medical Association* and other publications.

Dr. Schneider can be justly proud, as are we, of his record of achievement and his contribution to the standing of our Angell Memorial Animal Hospital. We feel sure that his efforts have been an inspiration to his associates.

## TWENTY-FIVER'S

Harry L. Allen	1907
William M. Morrill	1909
Dr. Francis H. Rowley	1910
Harvey R. Fuller	1910
Perley C. Graves	1915
L. Willard Walker	1916
William Sline	1918
Sidney Graves	1920
Dr. Rudolph H. Schneider	1921



## Strange Accident

**P**ROVING that the human family cannot claim exclusive rights to the common bath-tub injuries in the home, this two-month-old, full-blooded Guernsey calf convalesced at the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital as a result of a broken leg sustained when she attempted to quench her thirst at a nearby watering trough. After obtaining the much-needed drink, the animal apparently became frolicsome and tried to hurdle the "bath tub," but missed, falling headlong into the trough. With the aid of a splint, however, she was soon able to walk, and within a short time was well enough to return to her owner, Miss Rosaline B. Hayden, Kitchener Farms, Billerica, Massachusetts. Miss Kathleen Driscoll, Hospital nurse, is shown comforting the elite member of the bovine species, as the animal takes its constitutional in the courtyard under the watchful eye of its favorite nurse.



January 1946

## Nature Observation

**A** YEAR ago, I hired a boy to clear the ragweed from the edges and borders of my lawn and flower garden. This past summer, one fat woodchuck did the same!

Each day around 1:30 o'clock, the children and I observed Mr. Woodchuck in our garden nonchalantly eating the tall succulent ragweed plants. (As I am a sufferer from hay fever and asthma this amazing act impressed me greatly.) I expected the woodchuck to break out at any moment in a violent fit of sneezing or else explode by spontaneous combustion!

The eradication of ragweed has been established throughout the country for several years as a measure of help for those who suffer from its allergy. Perhaps the woodchuck is helping, too.

Now, perhaps this animal will be famous, not only as a weather prognosticator, but also as a ragweed eradicator!

—Mrs. Pauline Van Scoten

# HUMANE EDUCATION

Practical Projects for Teachers and Parents • by Dorothea Clark

## Faithfully Yours

**M**ANY, many years ago, when the history of the New Stone Age was being recorded in the shell heaps and refuse piles of early man, the dog was dwelling in man's crude caves and eating the scraps left over from the family food supply. As man learned to improve his weapons and to control the forces of Nature, the dog was ever at his side helping in each changing situation. In wars and in peace the dog was beside him, a loyal and affectionate friend. Is it any wonder that there exists between man and his dog an unbreakable bond of friendship?

Just how the dog came to be a part of man's household in the first place is a matter of conjecture. No doubt the two had seen each other as they hunted for their common food. No doubt each respected the other for his skill in securing this food. Such mutual respect was a firm foundation for the friendship which was to follow.

We may imagine that the actual introduction of the dog's ancestor into man's home may have occurred in some such way as this. One day the man went hunting for food for the family. As he trod noiselessly on his way, he came unexpectedly on some young cubs, frolicking and playing together. They were such an amusing sight that he watched them. They reminded him of his children at home. Then he recalled that a mother animal had been killed near the den. He wondered if it might not be the mother of these young ones. Soon they would be hungry. They might starve to death. Suddenly, there arose within him a feeling of compassion. And here, for the first time, man felt pity for one of the wild creatures about him. Here the spirit of humaneness was born.

He picked up the small cubs, put them in a hunting pouch, and took them home to his cave. Here the young creatures soon learned to like the warmth of the cave and the protection from danger. They liked the food that was left over from the family meals. In return, they warned the family when unwelcome prowlers were about. It was not long before man discovered that this animal was a great help in hunting. Soon the

dog accompanied him on all his trips, helping man to detect and follow the scent of the prey. He may have helped to drag home the heavy game over the ground.

Soon, in the progress of civilization, man began to domesticate other animals. Then the dog became useful in a different way. Early he was the guardian of the sheep. Not only did he keep them from wandering, but he protected them from wild beasts. Today, dogs are essential on the large sheep ranches. A good sheep dog will not only keep his flock together, but he will drive the flock to the pens at night, separate the ewes and the lambs from the rams, put them in separate pens, and not lose a single sheep.

It is evident that the dog's great usefulness has been dependent not only upon his alert hearing, his keen sense of smell, his speed and strength, but also upon his amenability to training. This characteristic has not only made possible improvement of his original uses, but has made him of service in other ways. In the "Wags" of the Army, we see the watch dog, par excellence. It is amazing to recall that the breeds of dogs today, numbering more than one hundred, are descendants of but two species of wild beasts, the wolf and the jackal. All the

present day variations are the result of selection, cross-breeding and training. Each breed represents the development of an animal to meet some need or desire of man. Originally, the shepherd and collie were trained as sheep dogs; the dalmatian was a coach dog; pointers, setters, spaniels, terriers, and dachshunds were first developed for hunting, but are now largely used as pets. The trend today seems to be towards small kinds of toy dogs. Thus, the apartment dweller may have affection and loyalty of an animal, the richest gift the dog has bestowed upon his benefactor.

As the dog has developed in intelligence and skill, man has had to develop an increased understanding as to how to train a dog. It seems evident that the willingness on the part of the dog to submit to training finds its source in the desire of the dog to please his master. When this is understood, it should be a challenge to every dog owner to try to have a well-behaved dog. Understanding, kindness, and patience are the three essentials necessary to the accomplishment of this end. The results will more than compensate both the person and the dog, and will sustain that bond of friendship which had its beginning in those days of long ago.



Who could ask for cuter pets than these?

OUR DUMB ANIMALS





Ascribed by our armed forces as one of the most useful dogs.

## Kindergarten, Grades One, Two, Three

**I. BASIC IDEA:** Dogs have wild animal relatives. Dogs possess characteristics that make them useful to us.

**II. SUBJECT MATTER:** Faithfully Yours

**III. SUGGESTED ACTIVITIES:**

Invite several kinds of dogs to visit you. Plan for their comfort and happiness.

Observe the different dogs to learn how they are alike and how they are different.

Test their sense of smell and hearing in several ways.

Compare their teeth with those of the squirrel or rat.

Discover what kinds of sounds a dog makes. What does each sound mean?

How does a dog show he is happy or cross?

Collect pictures and make a scrapbook or chart of as many different kinds of dogs as you can. How many of these live in your neighborhood?

Learn what you should do to care for a dog.

Learn how to treat a strange dog.

**IV. DESIRABLE OUTCOMES:**

**Specific Ideas:**

The wolf, jackal, hyena, coyote are relatives of the dog.

Dogs have a keen sense of hearing and of smell; and most of them are able to run fast. This has made them useful to us in many ways.

Dogs' teeth are fitted for flesh eating.

**Attitudes:**

A great affection and appreciation of a dog as a companion.

Consideration for the needs and rights of dogs.

Self-control — especially in meeting strange dogs.

These attitudes are indicated in the following ways:

The child spends much time with his dog.

He sees that the animal is fed and cared for regularly; that he has plenty of water.

He refrains from teasing his dog.

He does not handle strange dogs.

## Grades Four, Five, Six

**I. BASIC IDEA:** The various breeds of dogs have been derived from the wild forms through selection and cross-breeding.

**II. SUBJECT MATTER:** Faithfully Yours

**III. SUGGESTED ACTIVITIES:**

Become familiar with as many breeds of dogs as possible. Compare their coats, shape of head, legs, tail. Group those that have similar features together.

Learn about the various ways in which the dog has served man since earliest times. In what ways is the dog fitted to serve man in this manner.

Visit a dog show, your local S. P. C. A., or a registered dog kennel to become familiar with the different breeds of dogs.

Find the best ways to care for a dog with regard to feeding, grooming, sleeping quarters, and exercise.

Learn to teach a dog the few habits a well-mannered dog should possess, such as: walk at your side in traffic, sit or lie quietly while waiting for you, to come to you when called.

**IV. DESIRABLE OUTCOMES:**

**Specific Ideas:**

The wolf and the jackal are thought to be the wild ancestors of the dog.

Throughout history, the dog has served man in many ways.

The varied uses to which dogs have been put have resulted in the many breeds of dogs.

A pure bred dog is one whose parents and grandparents have been of the same breed.

A mongrel is one whose parents belong to no special breed.

**Attitudes:**

Wonder at the remarkable place the dog has occupied in history.

Admiration for the ability of the dog to learn to perform many remarkable feats.

Pride in the ownership of a dog.

Patience when trying to teach a dog.

Wholesome attitude towards sex.

These attitudes are expressed as follows:

The child is interested in learning more about the dog's place in history.

The child spontaneously cares for the dog's needs; and tries to learn the best way to train him.

The child is not self-conscious in speaking about matters of sex.

## REFERENCE MATERIALS

**Books for Reference:**

Bianco, Margery—All About Pets, Macmillan.

Concerned with the care of a number of different animal pets, including dogs.

Kinney, James R. & Honeycutt, Ann—How to Raise a Dog, Simon & Shuster.

An authoritative book, written in a popular, entertaining manner by the chief veterinarian of Ellin Prince Speyer Animal Hospital, New York. Deals in a comprehensive manner with all phases of dog care, including training.

National Geographic Magazine, Vol. XXXV, No. 3, March, 1919. Mankind's Best Friend by Ernest Harold Baynes. Illustrations by Louis Agassiz Fuertes.

Descriptions and characteristics of different breeds of dogs.

Schmidt, Karl Patterson — Our Friendly Animals and When They Came, M. A. Donohue & Co.

A simply written series of accounts of the origins of common, domesticated animals.

Massachusetts Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

A series of pamphlets by the Veterinary Dept. of Angell Memorial Animal Hospital. Care of the Dog. First Aid to Animals. Suggestions for Feeding Dogs. Ways of Kindness.

**For Children:**

There are many delightfully written and well-illustrated books about dogs. They are of value in acquainting children with the appearance and behavior of a considerable number of different breeds of dogs. Only a few of the many titles are given:

Bryan, Dorothy & Marguerite — Michael, Who Misses His Train, Doubleday, Doran & Co., Sealyhams.

DeJong, Meindert—The Little Stray Dog, Harper & Bros.

Story of a stray puppy that annoyed a neighborhood, and its rescue by a little old lady and Ronnie.

Harris, Lenore — Big Lonely Dog, Houghton, Mifflin Co.

A delightful story, admirably illustrated, of a Great Dane.

Lathrop, Dorothy P.—Puppies for Keeps, Macmillan Co.

A pleasant story for little children about four Pekinese puppies.

L'Hommedieu, Dorothy K.—Scampy, J. B. Lippincott Co.

Charming story, well illustrated, of a black cocker spaniel.

Thorne, Diana & Moran, Connie—Chips, John C. Winston Co.

The story of a cocker spaniel for young children, about fourth grade.

**Visual Aids:** Films—All are one reel, sound.

The Collie: Life of shepherd dog from puppyhood to maturity.

Dog Show: Dogs of every type from mongrels to prize-winners.

Pets: Aims to instill kindness to animals, particularly cat and dog.

The Seeing Eye: Training of German sheepdogs to lead the blind.

Shep, the Farm Dog: A collie's busy day about the farm.

For a list of distributors of above films, see "1000 and One," The Blue Book of Non-Theatrical Films, published by the Educational Screen, Chicago, Illinois.



The renowned lifesaver.

# CHILDREN'S PAGE

## By Boys and Girls

**N**ow we want you to write for us. If you are fifteen years old or under and have written or want to write a poem or story about animals, you are eligible to compete for a place on this page. Each piece must be very short, and, of course, your very own composition. Each contribution must be accompanied by a note from one of your parents or your teacher stating that the writing is original with you. Also, if you have a picture of yourself and your pet, send that, too. Of course, we cannot promise to print everything received, but the judges will pick out the ones they think the best.

All letters should be addressed to Boys and Girls Editor, OUR DUMB ANIMALS, 180 Longwood Ave., Boston 15, Mass. We cannot return or acknowledge unused contributions, but we shall do our best to print the best stories, poems and pictures received.

Following are a few samples of stories and verse written by children. Can you do better than these boys and girls? Try it.

### My Pet Dog

By MAC MARSLAND (Age 8)

I had a little dog. And his name was "Bob." He was playful as a kitten. And he liked to chew a mitten. He was very, very shy when someone came by. But he is very, very happy.

### Jiggy

By JOHN MYLES AIREY (Age 11)

"Jiggy" is a brown and white mongrel puppy. We bought him for five dollars when he was only one month old. It all happened when my brother and I were looking at the ads in the paper, and we saw an article on the sale of puppies. We went over to buy a puppy that night, but the owner wasn't home, so my brother and I went over the next day and bought Jiggy.

The first thing we did, after we showed him to our parents, was to teach him to drink milk. Soon he could drink it without any help. Then I went to work building a two-room house for him that was made up of two boxes. For the first two months he seemed to grow rapidly until he was the height of our cat, and then he seemed to stop growing.

After the first couple of weeks, he became very playful, and started to chew all of our slippers and shoes, so we gave him a ball in place of them.

Just lately he crawled under a neighbor's chicken-wire fence and chased the pullets all over the place. The next day after this happened, the neighbor paid us a visit and complained about it. She said she had filled all the holes that she thought it would be possible for him to get through, but he is so small, he is still able to get in and annoy the chickens. We are trying to think of a way to keep him out of the chicken yard.



(Left to right) Miss Olive Smith, Director of Humane Education, in Springfield, Arlene Schultz and Donna Siddall with "Teddy."

Washington School  
Springfield, Mass.

Dear Miss Smith,

Last week our room published the School newspaper. My article was chosen for the paper. In the article I had written that I wanted to be a veterinarian when I grow up because I like animals.

A mother of one of the children in our school read my story. She called my father to ask him if I would like a dog. My father said, "Yes." Now I have the sweetest puppy you ever saw. He is all white and has very long hair. He is a Spitz dog. We call him "Teddy" because he looks like a Teddy Bear.

My teacher says that adults go to school to learn to train dogs. Do you know whether children have a place provided for them where they can learn to train their puppies? I should be very happy to know about it.

You can imagine how glad I am to find a place for the puppy. I am very grateful to this parent for her kindness.

Sincerely yours,  
Donna Siddall

### The Cow

By RICHARD PADUCH (Age 9)

*The friendly cow, all brown and white,  
I love her with all my heart.  
She gives me cream with all her might,  
To eat with apple-tart.*

OUR DUMB ANIMALS

# New Contest for Children

**I**N our September issue, we opened a new Animal Contest for our young readers. For you who missed the last four issues and would like the chance of winning one of our 28 prizes, just send your subscription and ask that it start with the September issue.

*Be sure to read the following contest rules before starting.*

## Rules for Animal Contest

1. This contest is open to all paid subscribers to **OUR DUMB ANIMALS**, 15 years of age or under.
2. Prizes will be as follows:  
 First Prize .....\$25.00      Third Prize .....\$5.00  
 Second Prize ..... 10.00      Twenty-five \$1.00 prizes.
3. With the first entry enclose **OFFICIAL ENTRY BLANK** found on this page, signed by your teacher. Only **ONE** entry blank is needed for entire contest.
4. This contest will run for six months, one set of puzzles in each issue of this magazine for **FIVE** months. The sixth entry will consist of a scrapbook of not more than eight pages, including the cover, made up of interesting pictures or stories selected from your copies of **OUR DUMB ANIMALS**. **BE SURE TO SAVE YOUR MAGAZINES.** Start right now thinking about **YOUR** scrapbook entry. It will be judged for its attractiveness and originality.
5. You may send in each set of puzzles as you complete them, being sure your first set is accompanied by the official entry blank, properly signed, or you may submit all five sets and scrap book together (with **OFFICIAL ENTRY BLANK**) at the completion of the contest.
6. All entries must be postmarked on or before midnight, February 25, 1946.
7. Each entry, whether sent separately or all together, must bear the contestant's name and address (the same address to which **OUR DUMB ANIMALS** is being sent).
8. Address your entries to **ANIMAL CONTEST EDITOR, 180 Longwood Ave., Boston 15, Mass.**
9. Winners will be notified by letter and their names will appear in the June issue of the magazine.
10. In case of ties, duplicate awards will be given and the decision of the judges will be final. We regret that we cannot enter into any correspondence concerning the contest.
11. All entries become the property of **OUR DUMB ANIMALS** and none can be returned.

A special subscription rate of 75c will be allowed to all contestants.

Please send to

**OUR DUMB ANIMALS**  
 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston 15, Mass.

## Fifth Puzzle Set

**B**ELOW you will find fifteen scrambles. Each scramble is the name of a well known animal. Rearrange the letters in each scramble to find the real name. These are a little harder than the first set, so be careful.

Write your answers opposite each scramble, cut out whole puzzle and send as your fifth entry.

ROHCOINSE	_____
PUMSPOPHIATO	_____
LADOIMARL	_____
GRABED	_____
TREFER	_____
AEFGRIF	_____
HOPREG	_____
RAJAUG	_____
ORANGKOA	_____
MALAL	_____
YOMKEN	_____
SOPUMOS	_____
RUNEOPPIC	_____
COWHUDOCK	_____
SHOLT	_____

### OFFICIAL ENTRY BLANK

Name.....  
(Please Print)

Address.....  
(Street)

.....  
(City and Zone) (State)

Age.....

---

(Have your teacher fill in the next three lines)

Teacher.....  
(Signature)

School.....

Address.....



## Strange Truth

**T**RUTH is sometimes stranger than fiction, and if I had not seen the following with my own eyes I should find it hard to believe.

My father used to say the hen was the dumbest thing he knew.

I was standing by my pantry window which looked out on the hen yard. There our big Rhode Island Red rooster stood in evident distress, as he stretched his neck and opened and shut, and opened and shut his bill. One hen in the flock stood watching his antics for some time. She would cock her head on this side and then on that, evidently considering what could be done. At last she stood on tip-toe—she could just reach up to the rooster's mouth by so doing, and as he opened his mouth she reached down his throat with her bill and removed something from his throat. That was the end of Mr. Rhodie's distress.

—L. Wallace Childs



## As unto Him

**I**F the cattle upon a thousand hills are His; if He gives strength to the horse and clothes his neck with thunder; if all sheep and oxen are His; if the birds are bidden praise Him, and He feeds them, and not one of them can fall to the ground without Him; if He giveth to the beast his food and openeth His hand that He may supply the want of every living thing—then surely all these creatures made by Him, cared for by Him, have their own place in His infinite heart of love and grace.

Is not service to them, ministry to their welfare, a service and a ministry to Him? Can there be any recognition of Him as the object of adoration and the Lord of life which ignores the claim of His lowlier creations for justice and kindness? In a word, can there be any religion worthy the name without that humanity that reaches in its outflowing affection and solicitude every realm of life made sacred by its relation to Him?

### OVER THE AIR

For those who like stories and facts about our animal friends, our Society sponsors two distinct radio programs.

In Boston, "Bird and Animal Lore" is presented by Miss Margaret J. Kearns each Saturday, at 2:05 P. M., over WHDH—850 on your dial.

In Springfield, Mrs. Charlena Kibbe broadcasts a similar program each Tuesday, at 2:15 P. M., over WSPR—1270 on your dial.

BE SURE TO LISTEN!

## Our Ranks Thin

**D**EATHS of two prominent humanitarians have recently thinned our ever-diminishing ranks. Their passing will leave a void in the humane movement difficult to fill.

Miss Ellen Glasgow, who served as president of the Richmond S. P. C. A. since 1924, was an author of high distinction, having received honorary degrees from several universities and many honors in the literary field, including the Pulitzer Prize for a novel, in 1941. Miss Glasgow's prominence was of real assistance to our cause and she will be sorely missed.

The death of Frank C. McCreary marks a milestone in humane progress. One of the pioneers of the movement, Mr. McCreary was one of the mainstays of the Women's Pennsylvania Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals for 41 years. He was first appointed an honorary agent in 1903, special agent in 1904 and superintendent of agents in 1927. In that capacity he served until his death. Says Mrs. T. Mason Thompson, secretary of the Society:

"He will be missed terribly, for his knowledge of humane laws was great and his interest in the proper treatment of animals never flagged. Everyone depended on him for he had the right answer to every question that arose. He devoted all his time to the work of the Society and had its interest always at heart."



## Tawney

*The rugs lie flat, the house is still;  
The curtain rings never swing;  
No toys go sliding across the floor;  
There is silence o'er everything.*

*Only a baby cat, four months old,  
But lively and full of fun;  
His mother and I had brought him up,  
And thought it work well done.*

*His mother calls at the cellar door;  
She looks in my empty lap;  
She half expects to find him there,  
Where he often enjoyed a nap.*

*He wore a coat of golden tan,  
With stripes of delicate cream;  
He'd a white-tipped tail and double paws,  
And his coat had never a seam.*

*I found him one night in the tall damp grass,  
A poor little suffering heap.  
There was nothing to do but say "Good-bye,"  
And give him an endless sleep.*

*So the rugs lie flat, the house is still;  
The curtain rings never swing;  
No toys go sliding across the floor;  
There is silence o'er everything.*

—L. Ardell Kimball

## Another Headless Rooster

**A**S we promised in our December issue, in relating the story of Life Magazine's publicizing of the partially decapitated rooster, we took immediate steps when a like case occurred recently at Athol.

The twenty-seven-year-old owner of a number of chickens killed five, as he thought, in the usual manner, but on returning from the house where he had gone for hot water, found that one was standing up and very much alive. He called in a neighbor to see this monstrosity and was told of the rooster pictured so vividly in Life some weeks ago. He thereupon decided to try to keep it alive by feeding with a medicine dropper and stuffing it with corn.

However, other neighbors intervened, the case was reported to our Society and Officer Harry C. Smith advised him that we would have to prosecute if he did not immediately finish killing the rooster. This he did, promising not to attempt any experiments in the future.



## They Salute the Cat

**I**T could only happen in India, the land of mystery and superstition.

For years, the native guard at Government House, near Poona, has been saluting any cat passing out of the front door after dark.

It started after Sir Robert Grant, Governor of Bombay, died at Government House, in 1838. On the evening of his departure to the Great Beyond, a cat was seen to leave the house by the front door and walk up and down a particular path, as had been the Governor's habit after sunset. A Hindu sentry noticed this and mentioned it to others of his faith, with the result that the belief spread that the spirit of the deceased Governor had entered into one of the household pets.

Since it was difficult to fix on a particular one, it was decided that every cat passing out of the main entrance after dark should receive the honors due the Governor. The whole guard, from lowest to highest, accepted this theory, with the result that a verbal addition was made to standing orders to the effect that the sentry at the front door is to present arms to any cat leaving the house after dark.

—Rose Ashfield



**O**NE of the best things our readers could do to advance the humane cause would be to secure a new subscriber or two to this magazine.

OUR DUMB ANIMALS

# Lessons in Kindness

## *A Manual for Teachers*

Just published is our new 12-page booklet, containing actual projects, bibliographies, and material charts for the teaching of Humane Education.

With projects for grades from kindergarten through the sixth year, it will be of inestimable value to teachers.

Five cents each      \$3.50 per hundred

# Button, Button ----?

Yes, buttons are here again!

Do you remember the attractive celluloid button we used to stock—that with the animal group design in full color?

It is once again available in three styles—bearing the inscriptions, Band of Mercy, Humane Society, or S.P.C.A. In addition, we can also furnish Band of Mercy buttons consisting of a white star on a dark blue background with gold border and lettering.

Price — two cents each.

Send your order now to:

American Humane Education Society  
180 Longwood Ave., Boston 15, Mass.

## TO OUR FRIENDS

In making your will kindly bear in mind that the corporate title of our Society is "Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals"; that it is the second incorporated (March, 1868) Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in the country, and that it has no connection with any other similar Society.

Any bequests especially intended for the benefit of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital, should, nevertheless, be made to the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals "for the use of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital," as the Hospital is not incorporated but is the property of that Society and is conducted by it.

## FORM OF BEQUEST

I give to the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals (or to the American Humane Education Society), the sum of ..... dollars (or, if other property, describe the property).

The Society's address is 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston 15, Mass. Information and advice will be given gladly.

## PHOTO CONTEST

In a search for "story-telling pictures," we are announcing our annual photographic contest to end June 30, 1946.

Cash prizes amounting to \$95 and ten additional prizes of subscriptions to OUR DUMB ANIMALS are offered for clear, outstanding photographs of wild or domestic animals and birds.

The contest is open to all, either professional or amateur, but entries will be accepted only from those who have taken the photographs.

### PRIZES

First Prize ..... \$25.00  
Second Prize ..... 15.00  
Third Prize ..... 5.00  
Ten \$3.00 prizes  
Ten \$2.00 prizes

Write to Contest Editor, 180 Longwood Ave., Boston 15, Mass., for further details.

## POSTER CONTEST

Once again the Massachusetts S. P. C. A. will conduct a Humane Poster Contest, open to pupils in elementary schools in Massachusetts including grade four through high school.

Prizes will consist of attractive gold and silver pins and medals and subscriptions to OUR DUMB ANIMALS.

Announcements, containing valuable information and contest rules, may be procured by writing the Society.

Do not attempt to enter the contest before reading the rules.

### RATES OF MEMBERSHIP IN THE AMERICAN HUMANE EDUCATION SOCIETY OR THE MASSACHUSETTS S. P. C. A.

Active Life	\$100 00	Active Annual	\$10 00
Associate Life	50 00	Associate Annual	5 00
Sustaining Life	20 00	Annual	2 00
	Children's		\$0 75

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# The Reason Why

## Main Reason

Of course there is more than one reason why *Our Dumb Animals* should be in every home — but the big reason, is its wholesome influence on young and old, alike.

## For Young and Old

Its informative articles about the lives and habits of animals, true stories of their doings in everyday life, appealing verse, and outstanding, story-telling pictures, make *Our Dumb Animals* interesting to both children and adults.

## Ideal Gift

As a gift for birthday or other remembrance it is without equal. Remember, such a gift renews itself each month, reminding the recipient continually of your thoughtfulness and giving him added reading pleasure.

## For School Use

Enthusiastic letters from teachers describe the use of *Our Dumb Animals* in the school room. Every teacher should know and use it in teaching children the value of animal life.

### Earn Extra Income

With this issue, we offer a plan whereby anyone, wishing to earn extra money, may do so by introducing *Our Dumb Animals* to friends and neighbors. Liberal commissions will be extended to those sending in subscriptions. Fill out this coupon or write a postcard addressed to OUR DUMB ANIMALS, 180 Longwood Ave., Boston 15, Mass., for full particulars of this plan.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

CITY ..... STATE .....



